Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't so young, were you a gamester at fiue or at seauen?

Mar. Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a crea-, ture of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Gouernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your bearbe woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquity. O you haue heard some-thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see, thee, or else looke frindly vpon thee; come bring me to some private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iugement good, that thought you worthy of it

Li How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue bene solde deerer then Physicke, O that the gods would set me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, I nere dreampt thou couldst; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee

Mar.

Mar. The good Gods perseru

Li. For my part, I came with doores and windowes sauour peece of vertue, and I doubt n ble, hold, heere's more gold f ike a theefe, that robs thee of from me, it shall be for thy goo

Boult. I beseech your honour,

Li. Auant thou damned, do this virgin that doth prop it, you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we must your peeuish chastity, which is cheapest Country vnder the coa hold, let me be geldeid leke a spa

Mar. Whither would you ha

Boult. I must haue your may mon hangman shall execute it, more gentlemen driuen away, co

Enter

Band. How now, what's the

Boult. Worse and worse M words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Band. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our professio face of the Gods.

Band Marry hang her vp for

Boult. The Nobleman woul bleman, and she sent him away his prayers too.

Band. Boult take her away, glasse of her virginity, & make t

Boult. And if she were a thor is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Go

Band, She coniures, away wit